

AWOKEN

I have just awoken, but with no memories. I touch the hard metal floor, as cold as an ice box. I smell nothing but a smell of rain. Only, it smells different. It makes me think. But I have nothing to think about. I feel a sharp pain on my head, like something was drilled in my head but, as for my head, I feel stitches. But they don't feel like thread. They feel like staples. I feel my whole head. I feel nothing but baldness, like the surface of an egg. From what I know, a head is supposed to be filled with hair, but I do not feel this. I touch my face. I can feel two eyes and a mouth. But no nose. And my face is just as cold as the floor. I try to remember anything, anything about how I got here, who put me here. But nothing comes to mind. I begin to panic, but I can't scream. I feel my mouth. It is stapled as well. I feel my the rest of my body. Even though it's as cold as the rest of me, I feel no other staples, but instead a carving on my skin, or, so it seemed like skin. My arm, in general. But I can't see it. I decide to stand up. I feel a strange relief, like I've done something important. I like it. I love it. But don't know why.

I check the room for any signs. Any clues. I start to walk, step by step. But all I can find is darkness. I feel around. But I feel no walls, no items. I am confused, so I keep walking. There's got to be an ending eventually I thought. Walking, walking, walking, walking, no end in sight. But then, I feel a wall, an ending. I was right. But, it wasn't a wall. It was a metal table. I touched the table, only to find that something was on it. It was a flashlight. I was overjoyed. I had finally found something, something I could interact with! I turned it on, as the light almost blinded me. I looked around, shining the light in every direction. Then, something caught my eye. The carving on my arm was still there. I looked at it, curious to know what was on my arm.

Well, I thought it was a strange message, but I started to run anyway. I wondered why I had to run. I've been running for a while now, but I didn't seem to be going anywhere. I only knew running. What if this was pointless? But soon I found out, as a voice came from behind me. "Hello, friend" said an unknown voice. I almost stopped, but I continued to run, only curious to find out what was behind me. It sounded like a child, but I didn't dare turn around. It might be a trick. "I only want to help you, protect you from the bad people" said the voice again. I wanted to say something, yell at it, call its bluff. But I couldn't speak. I could only run faster.

"I can help you get out of here" said the Voice. Now, I was considering stopping. But what if this wasn't what it seemed? What if would run forever? "Your a quiet one, aren't you? They don't add a mouth once in a while, but it doesn't make difference. You don't need to speak, you only need to think" said the Voice. I pondered at this for a second. This may be a friend I thought. I decided to take the risk. I stopped right in my tracks, putting my hand in front of me to block any incoming object. Then I hear a whirring sound behind me. "You shouldn't have done that." the voice whispers, "But no robot has passed this test yet". Then I feel a sharp pain in my back that causes me to fall to my knees, uncertain what the voice meant....

"Well, I guess Number 420 didn't succeed either. I honestly don't know why we keep trying." said Clara, "Can't we just release all of them?" "Nonsense!" I replied, "Science requires patience and an army of perfect robots is better than an army of failed ones. Now let's erase the memory, fix the tweaks, and try again. This robot will be perfect by the time the US goes into battle. No soldiers needed. Now start with the brain." Clara wondered and said "Okay, fine. But it better work this time. I'm getting tired of this, dad."

I have just awoken, but with no memories. I touch the hard metal floor, as cold as an ice box. I smell nothing but a smell of rain. Only, it smells different. It makes me think.....